



The clock is ticking.



👁 233 ✓ 34 ★ 34

Chapter 1 by Hailey Parker

Is it me or when you get in trouble for something you didn't do you just wanna... kill someone? That's my life. I'm Amy. I'm 15 years old and from Boston. My dad left me when i was 2, my mom is a drug addict and my brother is always drinking. She's always coming home with a new guy every week and they seem to be abusive. I live in an apartment with my mom and brother. My brothers name is Seth. Seth is always blaming me for his problems. "Amy did this Amy did that." Seth is 17 and should get a life instead of spending it drinking. He needs to go to rehab, but even so mom doesn't care and where could we get that money. She never really cared for me since my dad left. She cares for pot and blow now. When i was born she probably wished i were dead. She wishes i were dead now. She wishes i were gone instead of my dad, but then again my dad left because of her drug addiction and because she cheated on him 2 times. (footsteps approaching and opens door) "Amy this is Rick my boyfriend he staying over tonight." Mom says drunk having the two meet. "Hey Amy nice to meet you. (burp)" Rick says high as hell. Rick laughed and continued burping with his eyes beaming red. I sat on the ground cause we couldn't afford a bed cautiously. Rick sexually got down and tried grabbing my shirt to take it off but i wouldn't budge. So he hit me and went to the living room to get some weed to smoke. I grabbed a bag i had found off the streets and put some clothes i got from a place that donates clothes. I

grabbed the stuff i needed and grabbed a old apple i had found in a dumpster and ran out. With only a couple dollars it could help. I headed towards the taxi and headed towards the taxi.

that comes down the street. I saw a taxi and i ran towards it. I got in and down came Rick and my n

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you and kill you." I thought for a second, i am going to die anyway and left. I told the taxi man to drop me off downtown and i'd walk the rest of the way.

Chapter 2 by Nichole Lee



It wasn't as easy as I thought to just up and leave in that taxi. No, it wasn't because I had some best friend or even a secret boyfriend, no it was because my dad always promised he would come back for me one day. And if I left he might never find me. All of this is running through my mind as I began my journey running away once again, only this time I left in a taxi and actually brought some things that I could use. I don't understand why my mom can't find a good boyfriend and get off the drugs, or why Seth can't stop drinking and do something with his life, or why I can't stop running away whenever life starts getting difficult. Finally close enough to where she wanted to stop she paid the driver and got out, choking back hot tears. Only then did she realize why she had to do this. She had a mission in mind. She was going to find her dad.

Chapter 3 by wpd18



I have one memory of him. And that memory is him leaving. I'm glad I wasn't older when he left because it would've just hurt even more than growing up without him. I like to think that he did something right, because I'm the only one that doesn't smoke wherever she goes and doesn't drink every minute of every day. As I walk through the streets of downtown Boston, I noticed that this was happening every where. People were getting kicked out of apartments, and kids were running from the life they never even asked to be a part of. I walked for hours on end, farther and farther away from stupid mother and her asshole booty call. The sun was beginning to set. I began searching for good alley to take residence in for the night when I heard someone call my name. "AMY!!! AMY!!!" I turned around only to find my mom and that lame of excuse of a man running after me about 20 yards away. I went into a sprint.

"You can't run forever!!!!!!!" she bellowed into the night.

Everybody on the sidewalks and in the cars on the road turned their heads to see what the fuss was all about. I took a turn into a alleyway and hid. I didn't want to be caught. I just run by me. When in all reality they were right behind me.

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Chapter 4 by Sarah May Viguer-Cortez



Rick sexually got down and tried grabbing my shirt to take it off but i wouldn't budge, so he hit me and left.

As a shift in luck for me I spotted a long slightly twisted metal post from an old bed frame. I grabbed it and crouched in the shadow beside an open dumpster. I heard the heavy fall of Ricks feet as he tried to slow himself down before making the corner into the alley. I waited, to be sure I didn't make my move to early. I took a deep breath and centered my mind Adrenalin switching my brain into a higher state of readiness and clarity: survival mode. Everything slowed down as I watched the shadow of the large drunken man appear on the building opposite me in the alley. My heart's beat held rhythm in my ears like a pendulum and my timing was perfect. I swung upwards with all the strength and weight of my body, standing up as I swung.

The post making perfect contact with his groin, and I could of sworn there was a popping sound as she felt what must have been a testicle squish between his pelvis and the post. The man made a strange high pitched sound and his entire body appeared to lift up off the ground before collapsing in a ball on the ground holding his stomach. Old cheap beer and what appeared to be Cheeto's shot out from his mouth onto the filthy pavement. I wasn't sure what was happening or what had just took place. I have never stood up for myself and had always been on the losing side of violence. The scene on the ground at my feet was so ugly and when the smell of the junkie's rancid vomit reached my nostrils a wave of nausea overtook me.

A high pitched kind of siren sounding wail grew louder before a sharp pain in my back sent me falling to my hands and knees. There was no time to stand up or turn around before I sharp kick from behind sent me sprawling into the concrete wall beside the dumpster my chin making contact first. Then I heard the familiar voice of a woman, her hatred and and cocaine fueled fury seeming to make her larger and stronger and louder in an a most surreal way, when the foot came down on my head I drifted to black imagining my mom as a comic book super-villian...

Chapter 5 by Hannah



My head ached as I slowly sat up. I went to feel my head my arm jerked unwilling to move. I

looked in horror as I realized I was chained to the wall. Panic attacked me like a starved dog. I heard footsteps approach the door. I tried to use to defend myself but it was all in vain. A bat lay on the ground as I heard the sound of many locks being opened. I never had been rough

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Chapter 6 by BulletRefute



Never never never never

Never never never never

...

...

...

Never.

Never ever ever ever!

I had never been caught, I had never been caught...!

...

...

...

"Open your eyes and face the reality you bastard..." A voice murmurs.

Chapter 7 by Hannah



I look up toward the door and there she stood the smell of alcohol reeked mixed with the smell of burnt tobacco. Her eyes were menacing I had never feared anyone as much as now. I looked behind her and I saw the bruised and bloody face of my brother and I couldn't see him, but I know my moms booty call was still there. I could hear his snoring coming from the other room. "Well, well, well look what the cat dragged in." She drunkenly stuttered staggering across the room toward the baseball bat. "Did you like your little nap sweetie." She spat laughing. She lifted the bat in her hands though examining it. "It would have been a lot easier on me if you wouldn't have ran off." She leaned the bat on her shoulder and walked steadily in my direction...

Chapter 8 by Sarah tonin

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"Mamma" I managed to st

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a hollow metallic sound

"Good old Luisville Slugger" she said with a shaking of the head gesture, as if shaking off some thought she didn't agree with. "Are you hungry?" She smiled sheepishly. "I bet you are." She set the bat down against the wall and walked out of the room. When she returned she held something in her hand.

"I am not sure that this is to the Princess's standard. Since you decided you are too good for us." She spat grabbing my face and cramming a putrid smelling handful of something that felt like rotten lettuce in my bruised mouth. "Bon Appetite" She tilted her head back her maniacal laughter followed her back out of the dark room.

My brother was visible in the kitchen from where I sat. His 2 black eyes looking in at me. "is he concerned?" I thought. Then I heard footsteps approaching and the look disappeared replaced with somber apathy. When the footsteps receded again he walked quickly towards me.

"Are you ok?" He asked through a split swollen lip. One eyeball was completely bloodshot I could not see where the iris . "He is in pain" I thought to myself. "And he really cares about me." tears filled my eyes.

I nodded my head yes. "Just dont talk back, Don't piss her off and hang in there until tonight. We are getting the fuck out of here." Sweet sweet hope filled me, it rejuvenate me. My pain seemed a little more tolerable than before. A resolve to live through this manifested at that moment. I closed my eyes and waited.

the end

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